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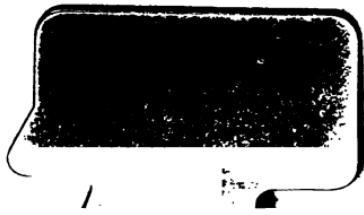
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(PLATE I.)

T H E S E V E N T Y W E E K S O F D A N I E L :

THE TIME FIXED IN THE PURPOSE OF GOD,
AT THE EXPIRATION OF WHICH, THE JEWS REDEEMED BY THE
BLOOD OF THE LAMB,
WILL INHERIT THE LAND GIVEN TO ABRAHAM THEIR FATHER.

Daniel ix. 24-27.

(PLATE II.)

T H E C Y C L E O F S E V E N T Y W E E K S :

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See Note as to the above at the foot of Page 22.

HYMNS AND POEMS.

BY

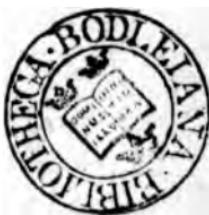
SIR EDWARD DENNY, BART.

MILLENNIAL HYMNS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION—MISCELLANEOUS
HYMNS—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

“Lord, I believe thou hast prepared—
Unworthy though I be—
For me a blood-bought free reward.
A golden harp for me.

‘Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form’d by power divine,
To sound in God the Father’s ears,
No other name but thine.”

COWPER.



LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO.
JOHNSTONE, EDINBURGH. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.
BATH: BINNS AND GOODWIN.

MDCCXLVIII.

" My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say;
And still it runneth muttering up and down
With only this, My joy, my life, my crown."

A TRUE HYMN—GEORGE HIBBERT.

A R E Q U E S T.

I HAVE been frequently asked by my friends to point out, and even to mark, my own Hymns in those collections wherein they have been printed. For this reason, therefore, I am induced to collect them together, with a few additional pieces, three or four of which have also been previously published. And in so doing, I have a *request* to make of my brethren in Christ, with regard to this little work.

I have of late been much grieved, I confess, to observe how the practice of needlessly altering some even of our well-known favorite hymns has crept in amongst us ; and could not help wishing

that they had been left, still to cheer and to comfort the hearts of the people of God, notwithstanding, it may be, some imperfections, without any such attempts at improvement. It is surely not fair to treat another's compositions in this way, especially where he is not unsound as to doctrine. In writing a hymn or a poem, an author knows his own meaning and object far better than another can possibly do; and when he finds that his thoughts have been meddled with and deranged in this way, he is painfully conscious that he has been misunderstood, and that the sense has been either perverted or weakened.

Such being my views with regard to the compositions of others, the reader will be prepared for the request which I am about to make with regard to my own; namely, that should any of these poems or hymns be deemed worthy of a place in any future collections, they may be left as they are, *without alteration or abridgment*. And also

(inasmuch as here and there I have revised them myself, I trust for the better,) I should wish that they may be copied from *this*, rather than from any previous collection wherein they are found.

These requests I make, I trust, without the risk of being charged with assumption, and also with the confident hope that my dear brethren in Christ will kindly comply with my wishes.

E. D.



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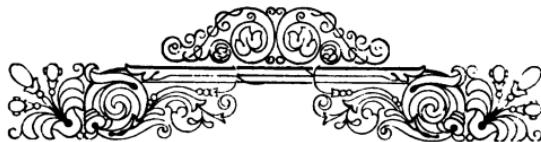
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INTRODUCTION TO THE MILLENNIAL HYMNS.

" Hallelujah ! hark, the sound
From the depth into the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All Creation's harmonies !
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of the world,
Are the kingdoms of the Son."—MONTGOMERY.

As the following hymns relate to the Lord's Second Coming and Kingdom, it may be well, in order to make them clear to the apprehension of those readers to whom the subject is not familiar, to offer a few words of explanation.

The reader will observe that there ~~are~~ here *three separate classes*, or parties, namely, the

CHURCH, ISRAEL, and the GENTILES, distinguished one from the other in such hymns, for instance, as those beginning, "Break forth, O earth, in praises!" and "Bright with all his crowns of glory." Now while the *Cross of Christ*, the grand foundation of blessing to man, is common, and equally applicable to all, the Lord's mode of dealing with each of these classes, owing to the especial standing and calling of each, is peculiar, and distinct altogether from his ways with the others. This being the case, it becomes needful here briefly to mark this threefold distinction.

The Lord, when he came to the earth, came *only to Israel*, that people whom, in the person of Abraham, he had at the outset brought nigh to himself. (Matt. x. 5, 6.) The true Son of David, the heir of his throne, he came, claiming the allegiance of Israel, as Israel's king; (Matt. xxi. 1—11;) and had they received him as

such, then the result would have been, his reign upon earth. The kingdoms of this world, with Israel at their head, would at once have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. But, as we read, “ He came unto his own, and his own received him not.” (John i. 11.) They saw no beauty in him, that their souls should desire him ; and hence, instead of his *then* taking the kingdom, he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, he died on the cross.

This, we know, was the eternal purpose of God, seeing that without shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins, no blessing to man. But Israel, nevertheless, was equally guilty of despising his love, of hating the Just One, of cutting off their Messiah. What, therefore, is the Lord doing now ? what is his present object on earth, seeing that he must have some object to bless and delight in ? Not Israel, we know, seeing that they, for their sin,

in killing the Lord, are, for a season, cut off, and left to the mercy of their Gentile oppressors. Neither is any nation now owned by him, or called by his name. (Isa. lxiii. 19.) The apostacy of Israel, the destined and only dispenser of blessing to the rest of the world, stands in the way; and so hinders the outflow of mercy, in a *national sense*, as yet, to the Gentiles. And yet the Lord has a people on earth—a people destined to far higher blessing and glory than ever Israel will enjoy, even when restored, as they will be, to his favour hereafter,—“*a people for his name*,” (Acts xv. 14,) gathered out from all nations on earth, both Jews and Gentiles. (Eph. ii. 11—19.)

The term by which this elect body is distinguished in Scripture, namely, “*the Church of God*,” is altogether peculiar, inasmuch as its calling and standing are distinct from all that precedes, or will follow it; and this because its relation to Christ is peculiar. As Adam and

Eve, the husband and wife, the type of this “*great mystery*,” were one, in a natural way, so spiritually, Christ and his saints, in this dispensation, are one. He, the Spouse of his Church,—she, on the other hand, the Bride, the Lamb’s wife. (See Eph. v. 29—32.) He the head of his people, they the members, making up one mystical body in Him. Then, again, which is a thing altogether distinct from the earthly calling of Israel, the Apostle, in Hebrews, (ch. iii. 1,) terms *us*, “partakers of the *heavenly calling* ;” the reason for which is, that *heaven, not earth*, will be hereafter our place, as well as that especially of Christ himself, in the kingdom.

This being the case, as soon as his last member is brought in, and his body is complete, the Church will be removed from the earth, will pass away into heaven. The Lord, as we read, descending from thence with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God, we,

both the dead and the living in that day, will be caught up to meet him, and be for ever with him. (1 Thes. iv. 16—18; 1 Cor. xv. 51.) Thus will end the path of the Church upon earth, and for this we, the children of God, are now called to wait, even “for his Son from heaven,” (1 Thes. i. 10,) to take us home to himself. Such hymns as those beginning, “Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,” and, “Hark to the trump, behold it breaks,” refer to this rapture—this ascension of the Church into heaven.

And now the Church being gone, with whom will the Lord begin to deal next? With *Israel again*. Gathered once more into their own land, in unbelief, and defiance of God, it is true, the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, the very tribes which slew their Messiah, will by this time have built their city and temple;* (Isa. lxvi. 6; Zech.

* This fact, we allow, is not actually noticed in Scripture, but the passages here quoted, show that the city and temple will be rebuilt at this time.

xiv. 1—3; Rev. xi. 1, 2;) and not only so, but will also have received a false Messiah, set up by themselves, one suited to meet and to please the unregenerate heart. This delusion, on their part, God will permit, in order to chasten his people for their past disobedience in rejecting his Son. They hated, they put the Just One to death, the one who came to them *in the name of the Father*; and hence he, acting on the principles of retributive justice, measuring to them with the same measure that they themselves meted to . Jesus, will allow them to become the blind dupes of another, who will come to them *in his own name*. (John v. 43.)

A *deceiver* at first, and a *tyrant* in the end; (Ps. v. 6. xliii. 1 ;)—this fearful being, this “Anti-christ,” as he is emphatically termed, (1 John ii. 18,) as being thus opposed to the one whom the Father hath chosen, and at the same time, Satan’s great counterfeit of their long-looked-for

Messiah, will receive their blind homage and worship, in those days of their deepest delusion and ripened apostacy. And not only so, but “all the world will wonder after *the beast*,” this being another name which belongs to this Antichrist. (Rev. xiii. 3.) The ten Gentile kings who in that day will rule the fourth and last empire of Daniel, will give him their power and strength, owning him alone as their Lord, and becoming wholly subject to him, as his vassals. (Rev. xvii. 12, 13.) In the midst, however, of the infidel nation, thus come to the height of their evil and folly, an elect faithful remnant, (Isa. vi. 13; Zeph. iii. 12, 13; Zech. xiii. 8, 9,) hated by the bulk of the people, will be raised up, it would appear, through the testimony of two certain prophets, namely, the witnesses spoken of in Revelation xi., to look for the coming of Christ. And in answer to the cry of these sufferers, he will come. (Psalms lxxix. lxxx. cxviii.) Yes;

the heavens will open, and Christ, the Rider on the white horse, followed by the armies in heaven, (Rev. xix. 11—21,) even his CHURCH, which as we have seen, will have previously ascended to meet him, and will have been with him in heaven during the whole of the above mentioned action on earth, will descend to make war with the beast, the ten kings of the earth, and their armies;—with all, in short, who, in that hour of man's perfect apostacy, will be leagued under Antichrist, against God and his Christ. Then follows the conflict—"the battle of Armageddon," (Rev. xvi. 13—16,) the issue of which it is almost needless to tell.

The beast with the false prophet, his minister, will be destroyed, cast, both of them, into the lake of fire for ever; the kings of the earth, and their armies, will be slain with the sword proceeding out of the mouth of the heavenly conqueror ; while Satan, the great mover of all,

will be chained, and cast, for a thousand years, into the bottomless pit. This done, the Lord, having gathered in his elect, namely, the Jewish remnant before named, will next take to himself his great power and will reign. He will ascend the throne of David his father; which had been destined for him, as the true heir, from the outset; (Ps. lxxxix; Ezek. xxi. 25—27;) gather in, in the next place, the whole of his people, both Judah and Ephraim, and not only so, but his glory will spread through the earth. Blessing at last will flow forth, in a national political way to the Gentiles, who will unite with Israel, in that day, in adoring the Lamb through whose blood alone they will be redeemed; (Isa. ii. 2—5.) The temple worship of Israel will then be revived; (Ps. li. 19; Ezek. xl.—xlviii.) The feasts and the sacrifices, not pointing forward, as of old, but commemoratively looking back to the blessed work of redemption already accom-

plished, will be observed in Jerusalem. Thither the nations will congregate; thither they will go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. (Zech. xiv. 16.) Jerusalem will be the scene of God's presence on earth—the place of his throne. There the temple will stand, there too the glory will dwell, in the light of which the nations will walk. (Rev. xxi. 24.)

The above mentioned conflict and victory, together with the blessings resulting from thence, are referred to in such hymns as those beginning, “ ‘Tis He, the mighty Saviour comes,” and, “ Lo, ‘tis the heavenly army !”

But, it will be asked, during this period, namely, the thousand years of Christ's reign upon earth over Israel and the nations, where will the *Church* be ? Her glory, as we have said, is not earthly, like Israel's—where, then, during this season of blessedness, is her destined place ? *In*

heaven, we answer; because if heaven is to be the throne of the Lord, (Ps. ciii. 19; Isa. lxvi. 1,) so will it be also the throne of his bride, who, as we read, is to live and reign with him, during the thousand years of his kingdom. (Rev. xx. 4.) In the *earthly* Jerusalem the Lord will be known as King of Israel, the Son of David, Lord of the nations; while, in the *heavenly* city, which, it appears, will, as it were, rest in the air over the Zion on earth, (Isa. iv. 5, 6,) he will be honoured and loved as the head of his body, his bride, the Lamb's wife. Such are the names which solely belong to the Church, the object most near and dear to his heart, the one in whom his grace will be more fully displayed than even in the elect and redeemed nation of Israel.

But this state of things will continue only for a limited period, for "*a thousand years*," as we have before said; after which, Satan being unbound, he will stir up the nations to make

one effort more against Christ and his people. But this will also be defeated. Fire, coming down from heaven, will devour the wicked, afterwards Satan, the great mover of all, like the beast and his prophet before him, will be cast, not again into the bottomless pit, but into the lake of fire for ever. Then follows the judgment of the GREAT WHITE THRONE—the judgment of all the wicked, from the very beginning, namely, of the nations above named, and also of those who will have no part in the first resurrection, but, on the other hand, whose bodies will lie either in the earth or the sea, through the thousand years of the kingdom. These all will be raised for this purpose, then judged and convicted out of the books, and finally cast into the lake of fire, with Satan, the god and prince of the world. (Rev. xx. 7—15.) Then will follow "*the end*," (1 Cor. xv. 24,) when all things will be made new, when "a new heaven and

a new earth," (Rev. xxi. 1,) will rise out of the fires of that day; when, too, the kingdom having been given up by the Son to the Father, GOD WILL BE ALL IN ALL. (1 Cor. xv. 24—28.)

And here, before leaving this part of the subject, there is one point which we may notice with regard to Revelation xxi. 2 and 10. It is this, that both of these verses refer to the *same things*. They both describe the Church, the bride, at the opening of the thousand years, in the act of descending to assume her millennial place in the air, as we have before seen, over the earthly Jerusalem. The distinction then between them is this. In the second verse, the Prophet just speaks of his having seen the city in its descent—but leaves the city itself undescribed, as well as every detail as to the millennial interval, and then passes on, in verse 3, beyond the millennium, to speak of "*the end*," (1 Cor. xv. 24,) when he who sits on the throne will make all things new,

when the world being purified, cleansed from all trace of defilement, the Tabernacle of God will be with men, that is, the Church, with God dwelling in it, will be brought into yet closer approximation to the dwellers on earth. During the thousand years, it will be Christ, under God, ruling the world in righteousness; afterwards it will be God—*the whole Godhead*, having as full and blessed communion with man as it is possible for Deity to hold with the creature.—Such we believe to be the interpretation of verses 2—6.

And as to verse 10, the celestial city is there seen, as before, in the act of descending. But now, what had been left undescribed is supplied. The city itself is delineated, its walls, its gates, its foundations; and not only so, but it is shown in its relation to the earth, the nations are seen walking in the light of its glory. The tree in the midst of the street is

for the healing of men. The millennium, in fact,—which, between the descent of the city in verse 2, and the new heavens and new earth in the 3rd and following verses, is wholly *left out*,—is, with its various details, both *heavenly* and *earthly*, now brought before us.

Should there be any question as to whether the *millennial earth* is described in chapter xxi., from verse 10 on to chapter xxii., this may be settled by what is said of the tree, “The leaves of the tree,” it is written, “*were* for the healing of the nations;” healing belongs to an *imperfect* state, such as the millennium (however wondrously blessed) will be. In the *new earth*, on the other hand, no death, no sorrow, no pain will exist. “The former things” will “have all passed away,” and hence no healing there will be needed.

The foregoing remarks, it will be seen, proceed on the principle that the Book of Revelation, as

to its fulfilment, is *future*. To this, many, we are aware, will object. But those who have considered and entered into the peculiar and distinctively *heavenly* character of this dispensation, such, as we have spoken of before, will acknowledge that it cannot be otherwise. This book presents, not continuously, from beginning to end, but in so many distinct and, some of them, coincident visions, the history characteristically of the *earth*;—of nation rising against nation—of wars, famines, earthquakes, pestilences, and so on; all affecting and connected with man in his social earthly condition. Whereas, what is the Lord doing now? He is now calling out his elect church from the world; a people not of the world, even as he himself is not of the world; a *heavenly people*, whose path here below is that of pilgrims and strangers. Therefore, quite in harmony with this, his present action, object, and dealings with man, he does not

now interfere (except, it is true, so far as he is secretly and providentially working) with the course of the world. This being the case, we might be prepared to find the Spirit of God in the Word taking very little notice of the present history of man, in a national political aspect. It is so in the Book of Acts. There, from the eighth chapter onward, after the Jews had put Stephen, God's witness, to death, (thereby proving their hopelessly evil condition, as well as the hopeless state of the earth, which, as we have seen, depends on the repentance of Israel for the outflow of national blessing,) we find the Lord hiding his face from his *earthly people*, and dealing alone with the interests of the *heavenly people*—*the Church*. So also in the Epistles, (saving that the saints there appear as the heralds of mercy to sinners at large,) we find the Spirit of God addressing himself to the saints, and *only to them*. When Israel,

the *earthly* people of God, shall be dealt with again, then indeed, he will resume the thread of *this world's history*. This is the subject of the Book of Revelation, from chapter vi. to xix. and also of Matthew xxiv. In the former we have presented, in so many coincident visions, as we have seen, the actings of the apostate Jews of that day, with a faithful suffering remnant amongst them; together with those of the Gentiles connected in evil with Israel, just previous to the second coming of Christ; all within the *last week of Daniel*, the time of the reign of the false Messiah, "the prince that shall come," "the beast" before mentioned.

There are two periods named in the Book of Revelation, which, in the minds of those who are willing to abide by the *literal interpretation of Scripture*, will, we believe, bear on the above statement as to "*the week*;" namely, the 1260 *days* (not *years*) of the witnesses; (Rev. xi. 3;) also the 42 months

of the blasphemies of the beast. (Rev. xiii. 5.) Each of these terms, it is clear, means to express an equal period of time, namely, *three years and a half*, and taken together, they make up *seven years, or a week*. And this week we believe to be that above named, the last of the seventy recorded by Daniel, within which, as we have said, the events of the greater part of Revelation, and also those detailed in the 24th chapter of Matthew, will happen, and at the termination of which, the Jews will again be received into favour.

As to the seventy weeks, at the termination of which the sin of Israel will be cancelled, one remark remains to be made in conclusion, namely, that though a period of only 490 years, beginning at the time of Nehemiah's return from Babylon, when the commandment as to the city went forth, (Dan. ix. 25, Neh. ii.,) they are not, if the above statement be true, concluded as yet, seeing that Israel is still outcast from the land of his

fathers. Why is this? it may be said. Simply because the present space between the sixtieth week, when “the Messiah, the Prince,” was presented to Israel, and the seventieth, just before his coming again, is passed by altogether, as having no place in God’s record of time—is a complete *blank* in his estimation. The reason for which is, that the nation of Israel, to whom alone the times and the seasons belong,* are for the present dispersed, and lost sight of; and also that the Church of God, the Lord’s present object on earth, stands apart from these said times and seasons, as fully as he himself does from the political course of the world.

Such is a little sketch of the dispensational dealings of God with his people.—With the *Church*, in the first place; with *Israel* next; and

* While the times and the seasons exclusively belong to the Jews, as a nation, (Levit. xxv. Gal. iv. 10,) the moral instruction connected therewith, like every thing in Scripture, we fully allow, applies to the Church of God, as well as to Israel.

then with the *Gentiles*. The hymn beginning, “Through Israel’s land the Lord of all,” which opens the following series, presents the above order; while such hymns as “Break forth, O earth, in praises,” “Tis come, the glad millennial morn,” and “Bright with all his crowns of glory,” show the various degrees of distinction and blessing in the kingdom hereafter. They exhibit the CHURCH above, on the throne — ISRAEL next, in their own promised land, under the peaceful sceptre of Christ, and lastly, the GENTILES coming for a share of the earthly blessings of Israel.*

Most blessed it is when the heart is made

* The Author begs to say, in connexion with this subject, that he hopes, if the Lord will, shortly to publish the following Works, with a Key or Companion to each. A CHART, illustrated throughout with Pictorial designs, presenting at one view the history of the world as given in Scripture; ending with the millennial kingdom of Christ. Also two CHARTS, together forming one work: the *first* of which is designed to explain and illustrate the Seventy

apprehensive of the Lord's ways, as revealed in the Word. *The Cross*, it is true, is our *first lesson*. There it is we learn our ruin by nature ; there our souls are first brought into the presence of God ; there we find that our sin has been borne, our iniquities cancelled ; there, in a word, we learn the secret of happiness. But having found peace through the blood of the Lamb, knowing ourselves accepted in the Beloved, we are invited to advance into deeper and brighter discoveries of the wondrous ways of the Lord. And let none say that these things are needless. If they display God as he is, this is sufficient, they cannot be needless. And if, too, in searching into these things, we discover the calling of Israel to be distinct, as it assuredly is, from that of the

Weeks of Daniel ; the *second* to show Seventy Weeks to be a dispensational cycle with God in his dealings with Israel, and with man universally.

The Reader is referred for further particulars to the advertisement at the beginning.

Church, still, at the same time, we find that their history is a *parable*, a lesson for us, through the medium of which we see the hopelessly evil condition of man, till he learns the wonderful mystery of redemption through Christ.

These few remarks, it is hoped, may serve as a key to the following hymns, leading the reader, moreover, desirous of understanding the dispensational ways of the Lord, of which they all more or less treat, into a clearer perception thereof. Christ, as we know, is the great centre of hope and of joy, the rock on which all, whether the Church of God at this time, the Jewish people hereafter, or the Gentiles, must build, and this being the case, may his name, more and more, be as ointment poured forth, more precious, more sweet to the souls of his people. The more we know of his love to ourselves, the more must we love him in return. May such be our happy experience, so that we may, in the midst of this

stormy and sorrowful world, be able, in some measure, to respond to the spirit and tone of the following lines, so sweetly expressive of the heart's longing for him ;—

My soul, amid this stormy world,*
Is like some flutter'd dove ;
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Were broken by his hand ;
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar, the gall,
These were his golden chains of love,
His captive to enthral.

My heart is with him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay ;
Each moment list'ning for the voice,
“Rise up, and come away.”

* This most beautiful hymn has not been given correctly in some of the Collections in which it is published: it is inserted here with the author's approval.

With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
“ Why tarries he ? ” I cry :
And should he gently chide my haste,
Thus would my heart reply :

“ May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see ?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner to be free ?

“ A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear ;
And she that waits her absent Lord,
Must sigh till he appear.

“ I would my Lord and Saviour know,
That which no measure knows ;
Would search the mystery of thy love,
The depth of all thy woes.

“ I fain would strike my golden harp
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace hath done.

" Ah leave me not in this dark world,
A stranger still to roam,
Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
Come, Jesus, quickly come!"

R. C. CHAPMAN.

One thing more we would say in conclusion, namely, that our proper hope is the Lord's second coming. True it is, the state of the soul after death is assuredly blessed. But of this, in the word, comparatively little is said; whereas the hope of the Church *as a whole* is continually kept before the eye of the saints. The Lord himself, though now at the right hand of God, is in a state of expectancy, is waiting for the day of his glory. And so we, being united to him, and members of his Elect Body, have the same blessed prospect; hence our affections, our desires, our hopes should be in association with his; our hearts should be continually exercising themselves in these things;

we should be tuning our harps for the chorus of heaven.

In 1 Corinthians xiii. 13, we find the cardinal Graces, as it were, clustered together—"Faith, Hope, Charity, these three." Observe the order in which these words stand in this passage, corresponding, as we have heard it happily observed, with that in which they follow each other in the history of the saint. For instance, 1st, *Faith* (without at all excluding the other two) is the grace which we are *now especially* called on to exercise, in a world of conflict and sorrow. While 2ndly, *Hope* (supposing we are called away before the coming of Christ) will be the *especial* experience of the soul in its separate state, where freed from the body, released from a world of sorrow which it will have left for ever behind it, it will be filled with the brightest anticipations of the glory and joy of the resurrection condition. Then 3rdly, *Charity—love*, in the end, will fill the whole

soul—love the highest, the brightest, the sweetest of all. That all these unite in the renewed mind, and in equal degrees, even now, as to the *principle*, we fully allow. What we here speak of is *the especial manifestation and exercise* of each of these graces in the path of the saint, owing to the various circumstances in which he finds himself placed. Love, then, as we read, being “the greatest of these,” seeing that the blessed God is himself essentially love, our hopes should not surely come short of that day when he, whom having not seen, we love, will reveal himself to our hearts in all his attractions ; when our powers of loving will be fully developed. And this will not be till the whole family meet in the house of their Father; till the Bride, the Lamb’s wife, is actually enthroned with her Lord. “Come, Lord Jesus !”—Such was the cry of the Church in its infancy—“Come, Lord Jesus !” should still be our cry, in these last days, when, as we believe, the day of

our redemption is nigh. "Persuade yourself," said the excellent Rutherford, writing to one in affliction, "persuade yourself the King is coming; read his letter sent before him, 'Behold, I come quickly;' wait with the wearied night-watch for the breaking of the eastern sky, and think that you have not a morrow."





MILLENNIAL HYMNS.

GRACE ABOUNDING.

The Lord's dispensational dealings in grace with his people, — with the CHURCH OF GOD, in the first place — with ISRAEL next, and then with the GENTILES, all in their *true order*, are shown in these lines.—

"I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain : yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God."—Is. xl ix. 4.

THROUGH Israel's land, the Lord of all
A homeless wanderer past,
Then closed his life of sorrow here,
On Calvary, at last.

O Zion ! when thy Saviour came
In grace and love to thee,
No beauty in thy royal Lord
Thy faithless eye could see.

Yet onward in his path of grace,
The holy sufferer went,
To feel, at last, that love on thee
Had all in vain been spent.

Yet not in vain—o'er Israel's land
The glory yet will shine ;
And he, thy once rejected King,
Messiah, shall be thine.

His chosen Bride, ordain'd with him
To reign o'er all the earth,
Shall first be framed, ere thou shalt know
Thy Saviour's matchless worth.

Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign
Of Jesus and his Bride,
Shalt sound his grace and glory forth,
To all the earth beside.

The nations to thy glorious light,
O Zion, yet shall throng,
And all the list'ning islands wait
To catch the joyful song.

The name of Jesus yet shall ring
Through earth and heaven above ;
And all his ransom'd people know
The Sabbath of his love.

THE CHURCH WAITING FOR THE SON FROM
HEAVEN.

SEE 1 THES. I. 10; IV. 16, 18.

" Come, Lord Jesus ! " —Rev. xxii. 20.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear !
Thou glorious Star of day,
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away !

Strangers on earth, we wait for thee ;
O leave the Father's throne,
Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us as thine own !

O bid the bright archangel, now,
The trump of God prepare,
To call thy saints—the quick—the dead,
To meet thee in the air.

No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see,
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and thee.

But, dearest Lord ! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the *brighter* hope
Of dwelling in thy love ?

What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee ?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours,
But only, Lord, above
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fulness of thy love.

There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

THE BRIDEGROOM AT HAND.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh."—Cant. v. 2.

CHILDREN of light, awake ! awake !
Ye slumbering virgins rise ;
Go meet the royal Bridegroom now,
And show that ye are wise.

Like foolish virgins, ye have fail'd
Your holy watch to keep ;
And lo, he comes, and almost finds
Your languid souls asleep !

Through love, the Man of Sorrows oft
Hath watch'd and wept for you ;
Then gave away his life, to prove
That all that love was true.

Then wake, for, lo, the midnight cry
Of warning in the air,
Bids all his church, to greet him now,
Their dying lamps prepare.

* While we believe the parable of the ten virgins *prophetically* viewed, to belong to the *Jewish remnant*, and not to the *Church*, we fully allow, as to the general principle, that it applies to one as well as the other; and hence, in the above hymn, the wise virgins represent the saints in this dispensation, the members of the elect body of Christ.

THE CHURCH CHEERED WITH THE HOPE OF HER LORD'S RETURN.

"O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."—Cant. ii. 14.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!

Why sleep for sorrow now?

The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,

A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit, through the lonely night,

From earthly joy apart,

Hath sigh'd for one that's far away—

The Bridegroom of thy heart. *

But see, the night is waning fast,

The breaking morn is near;

And Jesus comes, with voice of love,

Thy drooping heart to cheer.

* Sent of Jesus, even as He was sent of the Father, and while seeking to be worthy of the name put upon her, may she remember, that it is not of herself the Bride is to speak; but her object, her subject, her delight, her hope, her only resting place is her Beloved—the *Bridegroom of her heart*.
—LADY POWERSCOURT'S LETTERS.

He comes—for Oh, his yearning heart
 No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingle joy
 To call his Bride away.

This earth, the scene of all his woe,
 A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon his heavenly throne,
 Its rightful King shall see.

Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
 His crown of joy alone !
And earth his royal Bride shall see
 Beside him on the throne.

Then weep no more—'tis all thine own—
 His crown, his joy divine ;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
 He, he himself is thine.

THE CHURCH CALLED AWAY.

"Arise my love, my fair one, and come away."—Cant. ii. 13.

BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice ! rejoice !
Thy midnight watch is past,
True to his promise, lo, 'tis He !
The Saviour comes at last.

His heart, amid the blest repose
And glories of the throne,
With love's unwearied care, hath made
Thy sorrows all its own.

Through days and nights of suff'ring, taught
For human woe to feel,
He, only, with unerring skill,
Thy wounded heart could heal.

And now, at length, behold, he comes
To claim thee from above,
In answer to the ceaseless call,
And deep desire of love.

Go, then, thou lov'd and blessed one,
Thou drooping mourner, rise !
Go—for he calls thee now to share
His dwelling in the skies.

For thee, his royal Bride—for thee,
His brightest glories shine :
And, happier still, his changeless heart,
With all its love, is thine.

OUR BLESSED HOPE.

“Hope maketh not ashamed.”—Rom. v. 5.

Tis night—but O the joyful morn
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer ;
Yon gleams of coming glory warn
Thy saints, O Lord, that thou art near.

Lord of our hearts, beloved of thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on thy tender breast ;

To see thee, love thee, feel thee, near,
Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay,
To dwell beyond the reach of fear
Lest joy should wane or pass away.*

Children of hope, beloved Lord !
In thee we live, we glory now,
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty thou.

And when exalted, Lord, with thee,
Thy royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory, there.

* See Note as to this stanza, and the two foregoing lines, in the hymn commencing "Lord, dearest Lord, to thee I call."

THE RAPTURE OF THE SAINTS.

These lines are supposed to be the utterance of the saints at the blessed moment when they are actually ascending to meet the Lord in the air, as described in 1 Cor. xv. 51, 57; and 1 Thes. iv. 16—18.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

1 Cor. xv. 55.

HARK to the trump! behold it breaks
The sleep of ages now:
And lo! the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.

Changed in a moment—raised to life,
The quick, the dead arise,
Responsive to the angel's voice,
That calls us to the skies.

Ascending through the crowded air,
On eagle's wings we soar,
To dwell in the full joy of love,
And sorrow there no more.

Undazzled by the glorious light
Of that beloved brow,
We see, without a single cloud,
We see the Saviour now !

O Lord, the bright and blessed hope
That cheer'd us through the past,
Of full eternal rest in thee,
Is all fulfill'd at last.

The cry of sorrow here is hush'd,
The voice of prayer is o'er ; *
'Tis needless now—for, Lord, we crave
Thy gracious help no more.

Praise, endless praise, alone becomes
This bright and blessed place,
Where every eye beholds unveil'd
The mysteries of thy grace.

* This thought was suggested by the blessed experience of John Janeway on his death-bed, expressed in the following words, “ I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. O praise, praise, praise that infinite boundless love that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of his dear

Past conflict here, O Lord, 'tis ours,
Through everlasting days,
To sing our song of victory now,
And only live to praise.

THE SERPENT'S HEAD BRUISED.

"Though he was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth
by the power of God."—2 Cor. xiii. 4.

O GRACE divine ! the Saviour shed
His life-blood on the cursed tree ;
Bow'd on the cross his blessed head,
And died, to make his brethren free.

Through suffering there beneath his feet
He trod the fierce avenger down :
There power itself and weakness meet,
Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.

children." Again : " More praise still, O help me to praise him ! *I have done with prayer*, and all other ordinances : I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that loved me, and died for me, and washed me in his blood."

Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn,
Shew'd that he bore its deadly sting;
The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
Mark'd him as earth's anointed King.

O blessed hour ! when all the earth,
Its rightful heir shall yet receive ;
When every tongue shall own his worth,
And all creation cease to grieve.

Thou, dearest Saviour ! thou alone
Canst give thy weary people rest ;
And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

THE HEART WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

" Thy saints proclaim thee King : and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love."—COWPER'S TASK.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day !
Arise, and, with thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their king.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

Come, then, with all thy quickening pow'r,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

THE LORD MIGHTY IN BATTLE.

"The Sceptre of thy kingdom is a right Sceptre."—Ps. xlvi. 6.

'Tis he—the mighty Saviour comes,
 The victory now is won,
And lo, the throne of David waits
 For David's royal Son.*

* The power which the house of David possessed was committed to them directly by God, and held under him; they, and *they only*, of all the kings of the earth being owned in the word as "*the Lord's anointed*," as being commissioned to reign over his own elect people—the only people on earth ever called by his name. But they, being untrue to their trust, at the period of the Babylonish captivity, were deprived of their power. Then the throne of David was cast down to the ground; then the *four Gentile empires*, to whom the power was transferred, first came into notice; the BABYLONISH, MEDO-PERSIAN, Grecian, and ROMAN. Hence, in the 2d of Daniel, we see it successively passing from one to the other, till, in the end, at the second coming of Christ, we see it returning and established in Him, the true Son of David, the only one of his house (he being at the same time God over all, blessed for ever) who is able to hold and to use it for the glory of God, and also for blessing to man.

Thou blessed heir of all the earth !
Ascend thine ancient throne,
And bid the willing nations now
Thy peaceful sceptre own.

Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see
That joy, so long estranged from earth,
Can only spring from thee.

O happy day ! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er ;
And sin that marr'd our sweetest joys
Shall grieve our hearts no more.

Wash'd in thy blood, the tribes of earth,
With all the blest above,
Shall dwell in peace, united now,
One family of love.

Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb !
These joys we owe to thee,
Then take the glory, Lord !—'tis thine !—
And shall for ever be.

THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON.

REV. XVI. 14—16; XIX. 11—21.

In this, and the two following hymns, the *threefold glory* of Christ in his kingdom hereafter, is set forth: namely, that in connection with his CHURCH in the heavenly places—with ISRAEL next—and then with the GENTILES both upon earth under the sceptre of Christ.

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty."—PS. XLV. 3.

Lo, 'tis the heavenly army,
The Lord of hosts attending;
'Tis He—the Lamb,
The Great I AM,
With all his saints descending.
To you, ye kings and nations,
Ye foes of Christ, assembling,
The hosts of light,
Prepared for fight,
Come with the cup of trembling.

ISRAEL AND THE NATIONS.

Joy to his ancient people !
Your bonds he comes to sever—
And now, 'tis done !
The Lord hath won,
And ye are free for ever—*
Joy to the ransom'd nations !
The foe, the rav'ning lion,
Is bound in chains
While Jesus reigns,
King of the earth, in Zion.

THE CHURCH.

Joy to the church triumphant,
The Saviour's throne surrounding,
They see his face,
Adore his grace
O'er all their sin abounding—

* In singing "Head of the Church triumphant," which goes to the same air, the first line of *the hymn* is always repeated at this point in each stanza. In singing this, and the following hymn, on the contrary, the first line of *each stanza* is to be repeated.

Crown'd with the mighty Victor,
His royal glory sharing ;
Each fills a throne,
His name alone
To heaven and earth declaring.

Praise to the Lamb for ever !
Bruised for our sin, and gory,
Behold his brow,
Encircled now
With all his crowns of glory—
Beneath his love reposing,
The whole redeem'd creation
Is now at rest,
For ever blest,
And sings his great salvation.

THE MILLENNIUM OR TRUE YEAR
OF JUBILEE.

" Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee to you ; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family."—Lev, xxv. 10.

THE CHURCH.

BREAK forth, O earth, in praises !
Dwell on his wondrous story ;
 The Saviour's name
 And love proclaim—
The King who reigns in glory.
See on the throne beside him,
O'er all her foes victorious,
 His royal Bride
 For whom he died,
Like him for ever glorious.

ISRAEL AND THE GENTILES.

Ye of the seed of Jacob !
Behold the royal Lion
 Of Judah's line,
 In glory shine,
And fill his throne in Zion.
Blest with Messiah's favour,
A ransom'd holy nation,
 Your offerings bring
 To Christ your King,
The God of your salvation.

Come, O ye kings ! ye nations !
With songs of gladness hail him,
 Ye Gentiles all,
 Before him fall,
The royal Priest in Salem.
O'er hell and death triumphant,
Your conquering Lord hath risen,
 His praises sound,
 Whose power hath bound
Your ruthless foe in prison.

Hail to the King of glory !
Head of the new creation—
 Thy ways of grace
 We love to trace,
And praise thy great salvation.
Thy heart was prest with sorrow,
The bonds of death to sever,
 To make us free,
 That we might be
Thy crown of joy for ever.

THE KING ON HIS THRONE.

"On his head were many crowns."—Rev. xix. 12.

BRIGHT with all his crowns of glory,
 See the royal Victor's brow,
Once for sinners marr'd and gory,—
 See the Lamb exalted now ;
 While before him
All his ransom'd brethren bow.

THE CHURCH.

Blessed morning ! long expected,
Lo, they fill the peopled air !
Mourners once, by man rejected,
They with Him exalted there,
Sing his praises,
And his throne of glory share.

ISRAEL.

Judah ! lo, thy royal Lion
Reigns on earth, a conquering King !
Come, ye ransom'd tribes, to Zion,
Love's abundant off'rings bring ;
There behold him,
And his ceaseless praises sing.

THE GENTILES.

King of kings ! let earth adore him,
High on his exalted throne ;
Fall, ye nations ! fall before him,
And his righteous sceptre own :
All the glory
Be to him, and him alone.

"A MORNING WITHOUT CLOUDS."

"They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

Rev. xx. 4.

'Tis come—the glad millennial morn—
The Son of David reigns,
Sing, sing, O earth ! for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod ;
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God,

But chiefly thou, O Solyma !
Thou queen of cities sing :
With shouts of triumph welcome now,
Thy morning Star, thy King.

He, gracious Saviour, faithful still
To thee, his faithless dove,
Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell
Within his breast of love.

Nor thee alone—for see, on high,
 His saints triumphant now,
With all the hosts of Seraphim,
 In ceaseless worship bow.*

On him the happy myriads there,
 Unwearied love to gaze ;
There he amid his brethren dwells,
 The leader of their praise.

* In the vision on the holy Mount (Matt. xvii. 1—8 ; 2 Pet. i. 16—18,) we catch a view of the distinction, and, at the same time, the union between *heaven and earth*, in that day. The three disciples, outside the cloud in their natural bodies, may be viewed as expressing the house of Jacob (Isa. iv. 5, 6), together with the nations of them that are saved (Rev. xxi. 24) walking in the light of the glory. While Jesus himself, with two of his saints, in the cloud, shows how he with his glorified Church will hold a place of his own, and at the same time enjoy blessed communion with his people on earth. In this vision we see the Shechinah, the glory, yea, *heaven itself*, let down to the earth for a moment, in order to give us a glimpse of the Millennial kingdom hereafter.

THE WHOLE EARTH AT REST.

"The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Rev. xxii. 2.

Joy to the ransom'd earth !

Messiah fills the throne ;

His all-excelling worth,

Ye joyful nations, own.

Ye sons of men, break forth and sing

The praises of your God and King !

Behold ! the desert smiles

To hear his welcome voice,

And all the list'ning isles

Beneath his love rejoice.

Ye dwellers in the islands, sing

The glories of your heavenly King !

To gain a royal crown

Of glory for his Bride,

The foe he trampled down,

And conquer'd when he died.

O earth, rejoice ! break forth and sing

The conquests of your dying King !

Rejoice beneath the eye
Of Jesus and his Bride,
His Queen, enthron'd on high,
In glory at his side !
Blest in his love, ye nations, sing
Hosanna to your glorious King !

"THE DAYS OF HEAVEN UPON THE EARTH."

" In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."
Gen. xxii. 18.

ISLES of the deep, rejoice ! rejoice !
Ye ransom'd nations sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.

He comes—and at his mighty word,
The clouds are fleeting fast,
And o'er the land of promise, see,
The glory breaks at last.*

* The glory of God, or Shechinah, which was shut up and hidden in the recesses of the temple of old, will hereafter be unfolded, and will spread over the holy city and land of Judea. (Ezek. xlivi. 1—7.) And not only so, but the

There he, upon his ancient throne,
His pow'r and grace displays,
While Salem, with its echoing hills,
Sends forth the voice of praise.

Streams of divine, unfailing joy,
Whose sweetness none can know,
But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,
Through all creation flow.

Oh let his praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of his love.

saints, gathered out from the world during the present interval of Israel's rejection, being one with Christ, members of his mystical body, will, like Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration, actually be enfolded with himself in the cloud—will themselves, as it were, form the very rays of his glory. Then "the great mystery" of the CHURCH, known now only to faith, will be revealed both to men and to angels; the former of whom will walk on earth in the light of that glory; while the latter, who desire to look into these things, will then fully understand them. Such is the Church—such the glory and joy laid up for the Bride, the Lamb's wife, in that day!

Sing, ye redeem'd ! Before the throne,
Ye white-robed myriads fall ;
Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,
The Christ—the heir of all.

“THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.”

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

“The whole earth is full of his glory.”—Isaiah vi. 3.

O EARTH, rejoice ! from Salem see
The chosen heralds bear,
Glad tidings to the distant isles,
That Salem's King is there.

Lo, Jacob's star, in vision seen
By Balaam's wond'ring eye !
It bursts upon the nations now,
The day-spring from on high.

A crown, but not a crown of thorn,
Surrounds the victor's brow ;
That hand that once was pierced for sin,
It wields the sceptre now.

But brighter honours far than those
 Of David's royal Son,
As Head of his anointed Bride,
 The Lord of life hath won.

Though grace may shine in all his ways,
 With Israel's chosen race :
'Tis in his church alone we see,
 The full display of grace.

'Twas grace divine that made him love,
 And choose her for his own ;
Grace raised her from her low estate,
 And placed her on the throne.

“THE TIMES OF REFRESHING.”

Rom. viii. 19—23.

“And he called his name **NOAH** (Rest) saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of *the ground* which the Lord hath cursed”—Gen. v. 29. These words of Lamech, the father of Noah, prophetically point to him whom we now know as the true rest of his people, through whom alone in the end, the curse will pass away from the earth, and the blessings set forth in the following lines will be given.

“O scenes surpassing fable and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss!”—COWPER’S TASK.

O WHAT a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurl’d,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee !

But brighter far that world above,
Where we, as we are known shall know ;
And, in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o’er this ransom’d earth below.

O blessed Lord ! with weeping eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see ;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.

Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from thy throne above ;
Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,
And all creation feel thy love.

CALVARY AND THE KINGDOM.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."—Cant. viii. 7.

To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd ;
Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,
And love endured its last.

Dear suffering Lamb ! thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And link'd our life with thine.

Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
Dear Lord ! we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeem'd and blest by thee.

Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

Why linger then ? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call ;
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign,
The Heir and Lord of all.



MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

"Cheerful he was to us;
But let me tell you, sons, he was within,
A pensive man, and always had a load
Upon his spirits."—JOHN'S DESCRIPTION OF JESUS.
GAMBOLD.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd ;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn,
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd *his* brow with thorn ?

No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest,
Where *Jesus* had no home.

Dead to the world, with him who died
To win our hearts, our love ;
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

By faith his boundless glories there,
Our wond'ring eyes behold ;
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

This fills our hearts with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love !
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."—Gen. xl ix. 22.

A well of water in Scripture is the symbol of *grace*; and our blessed Lord, by the very same well which was given by Jacob of old to Joseph his son, may be viewed as the *true Joseph*, with his branches indeed running over the wall, namely, his love going forth, beyond the bounds of that people to whom alone he was sent (Matt. x. 5, 6; xv. 24) to bless, not only this poor Samaritan woman, but all in like manner, whose souls are, like her's, athirst for the water of life.

SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but O, her heart,
All fill'd with earthly care,
Dream'd not of thee, nor thought to find
The Hope of Israel there.

Lord! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from thee
The secrets of thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The waterbrooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love reveal'd
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace—and heard thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
 Of earthly pleasures now ;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
 Of grace and glory thou !

No hope of rest in aught beside,
 No beauty, Lord, we see ;
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek,
 And find our all in thee.

ANOTHER ON THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

“Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”
Rom. v. 20.

SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
 While seated by the well,
Was the blest work that led thee there,
 Of grace and peace to tell.

One thoughtless heart, that never knew
 The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
 For earthly joys no more.

Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found one whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.

Fair witness of thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord we see ;
The wandering soul by love subdued,
The sinner drawn to thee.

Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds,
His guilty fears to quell.

There, in the blest repose of faith,
The soul delights to see
Not only One who fully loves,
But *Love itself* in thee.

Not One alone who feels for all,
But knows the wondrous art
Of meeting all the sympathies
Of every loving heart.

THE FORGIVING ONE.

" Grace is poured into thy lips."—Psalm xlvi. 2.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below !
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

For ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for other's sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with thee.

“THE HOUR.”

“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”
Matt. xxvii. 46.

O WONDROUS hour ! when, Jesus, thou,
Co-equal with th' eternal God,
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,
And in our nature bore the rod.

On thee, the Father's blessed Son,
Jehovah's utmost anger fell :
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony, thy cross can tell.

When most in angry Satan's power,
Dear Lord, thy suff'ring spirit seem'd,
Then, in that dark and fearful hour,
Thine arm our guilty souls redeem'd.

Thy cross ! thy cross ! there, Lord, we learn,
What thou, in all thy fulness, art :
There, through the dark'ning cloud, discern
The love of thy devoted heart.

'Twas mighty love's constraining power,
That made thee, blessed Saviour ! die :
'Twas love, in that tremendous hour,
That triumph'd in thy parting sigh.

'Twas all for us—our life we owe,
Our hope, our crown of joy to thee ;
Thy suff'rings, in that hour of woe,
Thy victory, Lord, hath made us free,

THE FAITHFUL FEW.

"All his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off beholding these things."—Luke xxiii. 49.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
Around thee on th' accursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn ;
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
The cross, with all its joy or scorn.

Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be,—
Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
Who see no beauty ! Lord, in thee.

CHRIST RISEN.

" He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt. xxviii. 6.

"Tis past—the dark and dreary night ;
And, Lord, we hail thee now,
Our morning star, without a cloud
Of sadness on thy brow.

Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o'er,
And, O sweet thought ! thine eye shall weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.

Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought thee low,
That bade the streams of life from thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.

The soldier, as he pierced thee, proved
Man's hatred, Lord, to thee ;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
Love, only love, we see.

Drawn from thy pierced and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of thy blood.

Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But happier far, thy saints are call'd
To share thy glorious throne.

So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one ith thee :
That all *thy* bliss and glory then,
Our bright reward shall be.

Yes, hen the storm of life is calm'd,
he dreary desert pass'd ;
Our wayworn hearts shall find in thee,
Their full repose at last.

SORROW TURNED INTO JOY.

" Peace be unto you!"—John xx. 26.

O what a thrill of deep delight
Through the bright hosts of glory ran,
When Jesus, in the fearful fight,
Had finish'd all for ransom'd man !

" Tis FINISH'D ! FINISH'D !" sweetly rung
Through the whole world of bliss above ;
And seraphim broke forth and sung
The glories of redeeming love.

Thus heaven rejoiced ; while yet below,
Jesus, thy saints in deep dismay
Beheld the scene of mighty woe,
Till faith, and all but love, gave way.

Yes ; it was love alone that led
Thy brethren, Lord, to seek thy grave ;
But every gleam of hope had fled,
For thou, they deem'd, hadst failed to save.

'Twas thine own arm of power that broke,
Lord, ere they came, the grave's control ;
'Twas thine own blessed voice that spoke,
" PEACE, PEACE !" to each reviving soul.

Peace was their portion, peace is ours ;
We, like our earlier brethren, see
Our victory won o'er Satan's powers,
Our blessedness secured by thee.

In the pure blood on Calv'ry shed,
Wash'd from our sin, beloved Lord ;
We, with thyself, our living Head,
Wait for our glorious bright reward.

OUR FRIEND IN HEAVEN.

"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."
John xvii. 4.

'Tis finish'd all—our souls to win,
His life the blessed Jesus gave ;
Then, rising, left his people's sin
Behind them in his opening grave.

Past suffering now, the tender heart
Of Jesus, on his Father's throne,
Still in *our* sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as he felt his own.

Sweet thought ! we have a friend above,
Our weary falt'ring steps to guide,
Who follows with the eye of love
The little flock for whom he died.

O Jesus, teach us more and more
On thee alone to cast our care ;
And gazing on thy cross, adore
The wondrous grace that brought thee there.

THE REJECTED ONE, OF WHOM THE WORLD
WAS NOT WORTHY.

“ There has one object been disclosed on earth
That might command the place : but now 'tis gone—
Jesus is with the Father.”—GAMBOLD.

He's gone—the Saviour's work on earth,
His task of love, is o'er ;
And lo ! this dreary desert knows
His gracious steps no more.

Oh 'twas a waste to him indeed,
No rest on earth he knew ;
No joy from its unhallow'd springs
His sorrowing spirit drew.

He's gone ! and shall our truant feet
And ling'ring hearts delay
In a dark world, that cast his love,
Like worthless dross, away.

Hopeless of joy in aught below,
We only long to soar,
The fulness of his love to feel,
And lose his smile no more.

His hand, with all the gentle power,
The sweet constraint of love,
Hath drawn us from this restless world,
And fix'd our hearts above.

Then bid us all within the light
Of that benignant gracious eye,
Awake, asleep, by day and night,
Still love to feel thee ever nigh.

May we, O Lord, since we are thine,
Dwell in thy love, and gaze and see
Thy bleeding wounds, thy grace divine,
Till self is lost in loving thee.

"THE CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND."

"As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved
among the sons."—Cant. ii. 3.

O BLESSED Jesus ! who but thou,
On earth, in heaven above,
May claim from all our willing hearts
The full response of love ?

We love our brethren, Lord, 'tis true,
Because in them we see
Sweet traces of thy blessed self,
For they are one with thee ;

And one with us :—but O 'twas thine,
Thine only, Lord, to part
With life, and all that love could give,
To win the wand'ring heart.

Thus, heirs of endless bliss with thee,
We love thee—we adore,
And ask thee still for greater grace,
To love thee more and more.

THE FLOCK IN THE WILDERNESS.

"There is no spot in thee."—Cant. iv. 7.

WE are the holy flock of God,
His sweet and blessed voice we know ;
He guides us with his shepherd's rod,
And keeps us from our cruel foe.

Our Shepherd in a wondrous well
Hath wash'd us white, and pure, and fair ;
No stain upon our fleece can dwell,
Or leave a moment's blemish there.

And now he feeds his little flock,
Where living rills of comfort run ;
These spreading trees, this shady rock,
Defend us from the noonday sun.

Sweet waters these—but oh ! above
The streams of life more purely flow ;
There all the joys of heavenly love
His fair unblemish'd flock shall know.

There we, beloved, redeem'd, and blest,
The sorrows of the desert o'er,
Beneath our Shepherd's eye shall rest,
Nor ever faint, nor hunger more.

“THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A
WEARY LAND.”

“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her
beloved?”—Cant. viii. 5.

O WHAT a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee !

But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

There shall thy glory, O our God,
Break fully on our view ;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.

There Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see ;
While we the blest associates there
Of all his joy shall be.

Sweet hope !—we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this ;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

Yet little do thy saints at best
Endure, O Lord, for thee ;
Whose suffering soul bore all our sins
And sorrows on the tree ;

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

" Let not your heart be troubled."—Jno. xiv. 1.

CHILDREN of light, arise and shine !
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
 Your home is in the skies.
O then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
 That earthly spirits prize.

With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh ! what is all the world to you ?
 What is it all but loss ?
Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
 Ye pilgrims of the cross.

The cross is ours ; we bear it now :
But did not He beneath it bow,
 And suffer there at last ?
All that we feel can Jesus tell ;
His gracious soul remembers well
 The sorrows of the past.

O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeem'd from sorrow, sin and pain,
And walk with thee in white.
We suffer now; but oh! at last
We'll bless thee, Lord, for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

THE HEAVENLY STRANGER.

"The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not."
1 John iii. 1.

FAREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth!
We've seen the Saviour's face,
Beheld him with the eye of faith,
And know his love and grace.

Forth from the Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.

This earth to him, the Lord of all,
 No kindly welcome gave ;
In Judah's land, the Saviour found
 No shelter but the grave.

Then fare thee well, thou faithless world !
 Thine evil eye could see
No grace in him whose dying love
 Hath wean'd our hearts from thee.

The cross was his ; and Oh ! 'tis ours
 Its weight on earth to bear,
And glory in the thought that he
 Was once a sufferer there.

THE HEART BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

"They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a
country."—Heb. xi. 14.

THOU vain deceitful world, farewell
 Thine idle joys no more we love :
By faith in brighter worlds we dwell,
 In spirit find our home above.

Jesus, we go with thee to taste
 Of joy supreme that never dies ;
Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our heart, our home, are in the skies.

And O while on to Zion's hill
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
Around us, loving Father, still,
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

From day to day, from hour to hour,
 O may our rising spirits prove
The strength of thine almighty power,
 The sweetness of thy saving love !

OUR SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—Ps, xxiii. 1,

O BLESSED Lord, thy feeble sheep
 Are passing through the desert now,
With thee alone our souls to keep,
 Our only hope, our shepherd thou !

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

“Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.”—John xvi. 23.

“If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :
Thou canst no more not hear than thou canst die.”

GEORGE HERBERT.

CHILDREN of God ! in all your need,
Remember him who died for you ;
Ye suppliants ! think, whene'er you plead,
The Lord of Love is pleading too.

Nor pleads in vain—the Father hears
The voice of his beloved Son ;
‘Tis music in Jehovah’s ears :
He pleads—and lo ! the suit is won.

“Father, forgive them !” Jesus cried,
When bleeding on th’ accursed tree—
“Bless, bless them, Lord, for this I died !”
Is still his all-prevailing plea.

Come, brethren, then; our feeblest prayer,
Perfumed with Jesus' blessed name,
Is heard on high, is treasured there,
And all that heaven can give may claim.

From everlasting we are his,
In love's eternal counsel given;
And he himself our portion is,
The glory of our promised heaven.

A GRACE.

"Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."—1 Tim. iv. 4, 5.

O GOD, thy bounteous hand hath spread
With earthly food our social board;
And feeds our souls with sweeter bread,
The bread of life—our dying Lord.

Thy grace in all things soars above
The sweetest song thy saints can raise:
Yet, Lord, for this, and all thy love,
Accept our weak unworthy praise.

ANOTHER GRACE.

O GRACIOUS Lord, be with us now,
Supply thy children's need ;
On Christ, the bread of life, may we
In sweet communion feed.

With water from the smitten rock
Our thirsty spirits cheer ;
And make us all rejoice to feel
Thy blessed presence here.

ANOTHER.

DEAR Saviour, through thy strife
On Calv'ry with our foe,
Our mortal and immortal life
To thee alone we owe.

That gracious hand that bled
For us upon the tree,
Supplies our table now with bread,
And all is blest by thee.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"This do in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

"Eat, O friends ; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!"
Cant. v. 1.

SWEET feast of love divine !
'Tis grace that makes us free,
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of thy love.

That blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

Who faced our fierce, our ruthless foe,
 Unaided, and alone ;
To win us for thy crown of joy,
 To raise us to thy throne.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. i. 8.

WHERE, in this waste unlovely world,
 May weary hearts, opprest
With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
 In calm assurance rest?—

In Him, who, of the Father's love,
 The gracious herald came,
Of mercy to a guilty world,
 Of blessing through his name.

In him, who, with unsullied feet,
 And guileless spirit, trod
The paths of this unquiet earth,
 In solitude with God.

In Jesus, who, ascended now,
 Looks backward on the past,
Feels for his suff'ring members here,
 And loves us to the last.

'Tis only in his changeless love
 Our waiting spirits, blest
With the sweet hope of glory, find
 Their dwelling-place of rest.

In the same track where he of old
 The dreary desert trod,
Led onward by his grace, we learn
 The fulness of our God.

LOVE THAT NEVER FAILETH.

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm."
Cant. viii. 6.

LORD, dearest Lord ! to thee I call,
 Thy sympathy I freely claim ;
Thou know'st my fears, my griefs, and all,
 For thou thyself hast felt the same.

As man, a man of sorrows, thou
Hast suffer'd every human woe,
And, thus, enthroned in glory now,
Canst pity all thy saints below.

Earth—Heaven—O Christ ! in thee combine,
Thee Virgin-born—Jehovah's Son :
And thus I dare to call thee mine,
My brother and my God in one.

Sweet thought ! my Saviour ! but for this
I could not tell my grief to thee:
Nor hope that thou, 'mid all thy bliss,
Thy glory, Lord ! couldst feel for me.

But oh ! my name is like a seal,
A jewel on thy tender heart :
That heart that feels for all I feel,
In every sorrow bears a part.

Come, then, with some reviving word
Of tender love, my soul relieve :
And on thy bosom, gracious Lord !
Oh ! let me freely, sweetly grieve.

There, blessed Jesus ! let me think
Of all thy rich, redeeming love :
And long, with all my soul to drink
The fulness of that bliss above.

Redeem'd to God, redeem'd by thee,
I sigh, I languish there to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on thy tender breast.

To see thee, love thee, feel thee near,
Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay :
To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
Lest joy should wane or pass away.*

Oh ! what divine repose were this !
Can mortal heart, O Lord, desire
More heavenly peace !—what more of bliss
Can angel or can saint desire ?

* This stanza, together with the two preceding lines, have by some means found their way both into this, and another hymn in this volume, page 40. The author, however, finding them to suit his purpose in both cases, has left them untouched.

O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladd'ning smile to meet !

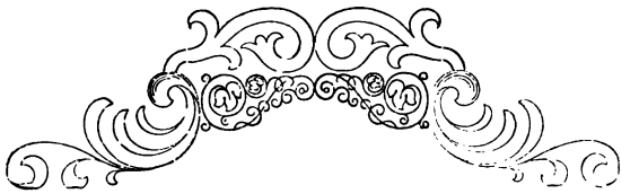
To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare.

ANOTHER ON THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"Ye do show the Lord's death till he come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.
"While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the
smell thereof."—Cant. i. 12.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine !
Now our eyes for ever closing
To this fleeting world below,
On thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.

Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love,
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove :
Bring before us all the story
Of thy life and death of woe.
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BETHEL.

"Christ is the ladder, and Believers get up, step by step, until they get into glory."—ROMAINE.

In Jacob's vision at Bethel, Gen. xxviii. 10—22, (viewing it in its *prophetic* aspect,) is foreshown the connexion between heaven and earth in the kingdom—"The Bridal of the earth and sky," in the day when the angels of God shall be seen ascending and descending upon the Son of man. This truth, which is set forth in several of the foregoing hymns, the author had not yet learned when the following poem was written.

SWEET spot! 'twas surely hallow'd ground,
Where heaven itself diffused around
 The breath of peace and love ;
There Jacob slept—there angels hung
O'er him from whom the Saviour sprung,
 'To guard him from above.

He slept—but who that saw him there,
Beneath the chill and midnight air,
 Upon the dewy sod,
Lorn as he seem'd, could e'er have guess'd
How bright a glimpse of glory bless'd
 That favour'd child of God ?

The gloomy cloud by sorrow spread
Around the sleeper's dreamy head,
 Had melted into light ;
And, lo ! a vision too intense
In splendour for weak mortal sense,
 Blazed on his inward sight.

A ladder of stupendous height,
Led upward through the gates of light,
 On to the throne of God :
While to and fro, 'twixt heaven and earth,
Fair holy ones, of seraph-birth,
 Its steps of glory trod.

Some wafted Israel's fervent prayer,
Along each heaven-ascending stair,
 E'en to the Ear of Love ;

While myriads more, as swift as thought,
Full many a goodly blessing brought,
In answer from above.

Sweet dream ! its memory oft would cheer
The Patriarch's soul, through many a year
Of sorrow, fear, and strife ;
He loved it, for he there could see
A beauteous emblem, Lord, of thee,
Thou glorious way of life !

Through thee the Father's love descends,
Through thee our love to Him ascends,
And prayer and praise arise ;
While every promise, Lord ! of thine,
What is it, but a step divine,
To lead us to the skies ?

Thy brethren, as with holy feet
They climb those steps, may feel it sweet
At times to glance below,
And wonder at the vast abyss
That severs yonder world of bliss
From depths of endless woe.

Or sweeter still to look on high,
Where, through the glorious opening sky,
Those steps of life ~~a~~ descend,
Each broader, brighter than the last,
Faith boldly mounts, till all are past,
And all in glory end.

Love there will crown what Love began,
Its wond'rous ways of grace to man,
In its sweet home above :
All, all, O Lord, will there proclaim,
Through endless years, thy blessed name,
SUPREME, ALMIGHTY LOVE !

SALOME.

The Hebrew word, here translated "*Salomè*," meaning Perfect or Peaceable, and derived from the same root as Solomon, is rendered in our common version, "the Shulamite."—*Solomon's Song*, vi. 13.

" The voice of my Beloved."—Cant. ii. 8.
TWAS spring—but, ah ! my soul was sad,
The rising tear I could not quell ;
While other hearts were light and glad,
I wept within my silent cell.

But lo ! a sweet and quickening voice
Came softly on my listening ear,
And bade my drooping heart rejoice,
For oh ! I knew my God was near.

“ Arise ! arise ! Salomè, hear !
My undefiled, my beauteous Dove,
Why sorrow thus ? I come to cheer,
And gladden all thy soul with love,

Thou know’st me, surely—I have died,
To bless thee, Love ! to make thee mine ;
Ah ! see my brow, my bleeding side,
And doubt no more that I am thine.”

“ Yes, Lord,” I cried, “ I know thee well—
Thy wounded heart, thy bleeding brow
A tender tale of mercy tell :
My Best-beloved, my Saviour, thou.”

I spoke—and oh ! his heavenly look,
And loving smile, divinely sweet !
My willing hand he gently took,
And drew me from my lone retreat.

“ ‘Tis spring,” he cried: “ come forth and see,
The tender vines are budding now;
The fig-tree bears—and, hark ! for thee
The turtle sings on yonder bough.”

Through sunny vales, and cooling shade,
In converse sweet, we pass’d along ;
But oft our lingering steps delay’d,
To catch the turtle’s heavenly song.

But oh ! his own melodious tongue
Was dearer far than all I heard ;
On this my rapturous spirit hung,
And treasured every gracious word.

His tender theme, it all was love—
His own sweet love, so full and free,
That made him leave his home above,
And sorrow, suffer, die for me.

On this he dwelt—and oh ! I found
My heart dissolve at all he said ;
The joy I felt, on all around
New light, and life, and glory shed.

All nature seem'd divinely fair :
The earth below, the sky above
Were fill'd with joy ; and every air
Was fragrant with the breath of love.

Sweet, blessed day !—but, ah ! it pass'd :
The dew, the shades of evening fell,
And night stole on, and found at last,
Salomè in her lonely cell.

My Lord had fled—he could not stay—
For earth, you know, is not his home ;
But yet, he said, “ At break of day,
Salomè ! Love ! again I'll come.

“ Oh, weep not then—bear up a while ;
The day,” he cried, “ is coming fast,
When thou shalt dwell beneath the smile,
The sunshine of my love at last.”

Sweet promise ! ah !—what else could make
These tears of rapture fill mine eye ?
Without it, Lord ! my heart would break,
My mourning spirit droop and die.

There is, there is a world of rest,
Dear Saviour, for my weary soul,
Where all are holy, all are blest,
And love's unfailing waters roll.

And there beside those healing springs,
Far, far away from fear and strife,
Thy dove shall fold her silver wings,
And nestle in the tree of life.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED MOTHER,
WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, APRIL 27, 1828.

"Where thou art gone
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown."
COWPER ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

FRIENDSHIP ! however sweet thine art
To soothe the suffering, breaking heart,
With kindly word or sigh,
Thine hour of comfort soon is past,
And sympathy herself at last
Will languish, faint, and die.

Yet to one ever-listening ear
The weakest sigh of Faith is dear,
 Nor will be lost in air:
Far less that ear will turn away
From souls who plead from day to day,
 Victorious o'er despair.

Thus have *I* pray'd—while others slept,
I've pray'd, and pray'd again, and wept,
 Through half the live-long night,
For one whose bright and beauteous brow
A crown of glory circles now,
 A blessed saint in light.

Ah ! 'twas a mother, greatly loved,
Who thus my fervent spirit moved,
 To seek a Saviour's aid ;
And ye who love your parents well,
Who love their souls, ye best can tell,
 How deeply I have pray'd.

Ye too may fancy all I felt,
To watch her softening spirit melt
 Beneath a Saviour's love ;

To see her, in her hour of need,
From every doubt and shadow freed,
Sure of a home above.

Yes ! when the Lamb of God I named,
Her own beloved lips proclaim'd
 Her fleeting soul forgiven ;
While many a heavenward look and prayer
Show'd all was calm and happy there,
 And breathed alone of heaven.

What resting-place is half so meet
For dying saints, so calm and sweet,
 As Jesu's holy breast ?
She pillow'd there her drooping head,
And when her gentle spirit fled,
 I knew that she was blest.

Ye praying souls ! who long to lead
The loved ones of your hearts to feed
 Within the fold of love,
For you who wait a Father's will,
A treasury of mercy still
 Is richly stored above.

The Lord of love is now the same
As when the gentile mother came,
 And pleaded for her child :
His words at first might seem severe,
But made his last* reply appear
 More loving and more mild.

Though distant from the heavenly way
The souls you love, for whom you pray,
 Ah ! why need ye despair ?
Plead on—and ye shall live to prove
That God is power, that God is love,
 And loves to answer prayer.

* “O woman, great is thy faith ; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” — Matt. xv. 28. These were the words which especially sustained the heart of the writer through the deep trial of faith here described.

ON THE SAME.

The Spirit of the living God,
That dwelt within that form awhile,
Hath beautified his late abode,
And graced it with that heavenly smile.

E. D.

'Tis strange that I can calmly bear
To kiss that brow, so pale and chill,
Nor wish that life, but lately there,
Were sparkling in those features still.

In childhood I have wept to think
The day would come when thou must die ;
The thought upon my heart would sink,
And fill with clouds my sunniest sky.

Yet thou *hast* died ! And though I weep,
Dear mother, as I gaze on thee,
I would not break thy placid sleep,
Nor ask thine eye to gaze on me.

I would not, for its tenderest glance,
Nor for thy sweetest smile of love,
Disturb that deep oblivious trance,
Nor lure thee from thy home above.

And do I therefore love thee less,
Than when the thought of losing thee,
In days of childish happiness,
Hath check'd me in my hour of glee ?

I wept : for then my soul was strange
To hopes that bless my later years ;
I thought not of a bright exchange
Of heaven for earth—of joy for tears.

But earth was not (I lived to see)
The paradise that childhood deems :
And all my fairy hopes for thee
I found at last unreal dreams.

I saw that dear beloved brow,
Beneath the weight of suffering press'd ;
I saw thy fainting spirit bow,
And ask in vain for peace and rest.

'Till brighter hopes, that were not dreams,
Their light around thy spirit shed ;
And heaven itself broke out in gleams
Of glory on thy dying bed.

There every word, and smile, and look,
Proclaim'd thy fleeting soul forgiven ;
And well I knew, when it forsook
This vale of tears, 'twas safe in heaven.

The blood of Christ for thee hath done
Its everlasting work of love :
For thee thy dying Lord hath won
A crown of life, a throne above.

Then, fare thee well—we part, to meet
On yonder bright celestial shore,
Where union will indeed be sweet,
For we shall meet to part no more.

By living streams, in worlds above,
We'll bless the God who brought us there :
That glorious God whose name is Love,
Who gave thee to my fervent prayer.

'Till then, the thought that thou art blest,
Shall smooth and gladden all my way
To yonder world of bliss and rest,
Yon clime of everlasting day.

Hosanna on hosanna still,
To him we love, my heart shall raise :
'Twas his to pity, his to fill,
And he will teach me now to praise.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my
supplication."—Psalm cxvi. 1.

"These are thy wonders, Lord of Love."—GEORGE HERBERT.
SWEET friendships of my early youth,
That once I deem'd so full of truth,
They never could decay—
Few now survive,—too frail to last,
With other dreams, their glow hath pass'd
With sunny youth away.

Not so the sweet, the beauteous flower
Of filial love ! Time hath not power,
O'er aught so true and fair :
My mother ! fresh as when at first
Within my heart that blossom burst,
It blooms unfading there.

I loved thee then ; I love thee still ;
Nor shall eternal ages chill
The pure and holy flame.

Ah no ! such true devoted love
Will still live on in realms above,
More purely, yet the same.

The same sweet love, though more intense,
More holy far, beyond the sense
Of holiest minds below ;
Our love, begun on earth, will rise
To heights of bliss in yonder skies,
That mortals cannot know.

Sweet happy task !—to me 'twas given
To point thee to that home in heav'n,
Where thou art dwelling now.
And then again, 'twas mine to bring
Some drops from life's eternal spring,
To cool thy dying brow.

Dear list'ner ! as thy spirit heard,
From day to day, the quick'ning word
Of pure unmixed truth ;

'Twas sweet to watch thy soul grow bright
And beauteous with celestial light,
 And everlasting youth.

The glories of thy blest abode,
Where all is bright and fill'd with God,
 I may not now conceive ;
But that thy happy soul is blest,
With pure, eternal, heav'nly rest,
 I may, I *do* believe.

The God of love himself is there,
His Spirit fills the glowing air
 Of that celestial shore ;
And oh ! 'twill be supremely sweet,
Beneath his gracious eye to meet,
 And love thee evermore.

THE DOVE.

(A LITTLE INCIDENT WHICH REALLY HAPPENED.)

ONE evening, lost in happy thought,
Alone in yon sequester'd bower,
I mused, till my whole soul had caught
The spirit of that quiet hour.

'Twas silence all—when lo ! a sound,
A sudden fluttering, made me start,
And quickly turning, there I found
What soothed at once, and cheer'd my heart.

A snowy dove reposing there,
So gentle look'd, so tame, and dear,
I smiled to think that ought so fair
Should waken e'en a thought of fear.

Thus, Lord, when first thy blessed Dove
Reveal'd to me thy saving name,
A sense of terror, more than love,
My guilty fearful heart o'ercame.

A helpless soul convinced of sin,
I shrunk from thine avenging rod ;
Unconscious of the change within,
I knew not I was born of God.

Sweet bird of life ! Celestial Dove !
I knew not what a gentle guest,
Fresh from the heart and hand of love,
Had lodg'd within my aching breast.

Methought awhile, some bird of prey
Was feeding on my wasting heart,
'Till fear at length to love gave way,
And, Lord, I knew thee as thou art.

Beneath thy Dove's encircling wings
My struggling spirit broke her shell,
Escaped from earth, and earthly things,
In fairer, brighter worlds to dwell.

By faith I pass'd within the veil,
I heard thee, Saviour ! pleading there,
And felt at once I could not fail,
Nor need, with such a friend, despair.

Sweet Dove ! 'twas thine my heart to win,
To know and love this gracious friend,
Then fan the holy flame within,
Still brightly burning to the end.

And when o'ercome by fear and grief,
A stranger in a world of strife,
Fly thou, and pluck one single leaf,
To heal me, from the tree of life.

THE GEM.

"If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it
would utterly be contemned."—Cant. viii. 7.

GEM of the deep, within its rugged shell,
Spotless and pure, and exquisitely white,
Lurks the rich pearl:—Thus love, O Lord, will
dwell—

Love to thy name! where our defective sight
No beauty finds, while thou through all can'st see,
And prize the jewel that belongs to thee.

Lord! thou art Love—and shall we dare contemn
The feeblest soul where thou art pleased to dwell?
Where love divine, that pure and perfect gem,
Dim and unpolish'd now, shall far excel
Yon orient sun, when sorrow's night is past.
In its full lustre unobscured at last.

What brought the Son, O blessed Father! down,
To dwell, to suffer, die at last on earth,
But love divine? In thine eternal crown,
What gem of nameless all-excelling worth,

Most brightly shines—irradiates all above,
With its pure beams? What jewel, Lord! but
Love?

GETHSEMANE.

“ My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.”—Cant. v. 2.

The following lines are supposed to be the meditation of one just fresh from dwelling on the sorrows of Christ in the garden, as described in the Gospels. Hence the reader is to go back, as it were, to the night of his agony there, and to realise the whole scene as actually passing before him.

At dead of night, in yon deep olive shade,
What suppliant kneels?—what child of sorrow
there,
On the cold dewy earth, with grief o'erweigh'd,
Breathes out his soul in agonizing prayer?
Alas! that heart will break—see, drops of gore
Bedew his brow, it bleeds at every pore.

Oh ! is it thou, the Holy One of God ?
Thine hour of woe is near, th'appointed hour,
When heaven and hell shall grasp th'avenging rod,
And each at once concentrate all its power
To strike the blow :—Let nought unhallow'd dare
Profane this spot, for Christ is sorrowing there.

Yes, thou canst suffer, Lord ; though all divine,
Thou art all human too, and thou dost crave
Some heart to mingle and to feel with thine ;
But thou hast none : no soothing hand to lave
Thy bleeding brow : none, none, to bear a part
In the deep suff'rings of thy throbbing heart.

Where, where is he that but an hour ago,
Pillow'd his head upon his Saviour's breast,
Thy loved disciple ? in this night of woe,
Doth he too sleep ? will he, with all the rest,
Forsake thee now ?—alas ! and didst thou deign
To ask *his* sympathy, yet ask in vain ?

Yet thou art heard—on his eternal Son,
From the full fountain of the Father's love,
Some drops of pity fall : thy prayer hath won

A blessed angel from the throne above,
To comfort thee : and thou art now at rest
A few brief moments on thy servant's breast.

There rest awhile ; there, Lord, in thought survey
The joyous issue of the fearful strife
That waits thee now—thine own eternal sway
O'er pardon'd myriads ; thou thyself the life
And light of all—such hopes have surely power
To nerve and arm thee for thy dying hour.

Thy kingdom, Lord, will come—thy glory shine
Through heav'n and earth : those slumb'ring weak
ones there,
Fill'd with the energy of love divine,
Shall tell of thee : of thee at last declare
How thou hast suffer'd, thou incarnate God !
Then dying, follow where thy steps have trod.

Yes, they will die ; thy pierced and bleeding brow
Shall spend for them not one pure drop in vain—
'Twill cancel all—and, they who slight thee now,

Shall wake to feel thy single arm sustain
Their souls through all: to taste the soothing
power,
The soft sweet virtue of this blessed hour.

O could we feel it too!—but, Lord! we sleep,
While thou art sorrowing through these midnight
hours:

Ah! while for us thy blessed eyelids keep
Their weary vigils, sin, alas! devours
The life of love; and half unmoved we see
That thou art there, but will not watch with thee.

O for one look, one quick'ning glance of thine,
To break the spell, the lethargy of sin;
E'en such a thrilling ray of love divine
As yon poor sleepers yet shall feel within!
Come, Saviour! come—our heartless slumber
break,
We sleep, alas! like them*—like them may we
awake!

* "I sleep, but my heart waketh," &c.—Cant. v. 2.

POWER AND LOVE.

"O groundless deeps ! O Love beyond degree !
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free."—QUARLES'S EMBLEMS.

ALMIGHTY Power alone can break
The fierce avenger's threatening rod :
Almighty Love alone can make
The wand'ring heart delight in God.

That Power o'erwhelm'd my ev'ry thought,
'Till, lo ! thine own celestial Dove
The sweet and blest assurance brought,
That thou, my God ! that thou wert Love.

'Twas joy to feel, my blessed Lord !
Thy power and love in one combine,
To ratify thy gracious word,
To give me heaven, to make me thine.

Thy cross ! thy cross ! 'twas there I saw
That God was Power, that God was Love—
I could not rest—I felt it draw
My heart to seek its all above.

Nor need I more—if angels gaze
With rapture on that wondrous sight,
It well may fill my soul with praise,
The Cross may well be my delight.

For angels, Lord ! thou didst not die,
Yet they thy dying love adore ;
That grace was mine, and shall not I
More deeply love thee, wonder more ?

Their raptures rise the more they know,
The clearer shines thy grace above,
And seraphs more seraphic grow,*
And burn with purer, higher love.

Yet, Lord of life ! in realms above,
Amid that bright angelic throng,
This heart shall glow with holier love,
These lips attune a sweeter song.

* This thought is borrowed from Toplady. " And seraphs," he says, speaking of their having witnessed the sufferings of Christ upon earth, " flew back to heaven *more seraphic than they came.*" The force of this thought will be evident, when it is remembered that the word "seraph" means "a fiery one"—a being ever burning with love.

And oh ! when all the blest shall meet
 Around the throne of love at last,
Then, then 'twill be supremely sweet,
 To dwell for ever on the past.

To linger on that fearful hour
 When thou, the Lamb, our living head,
The Lord of glory, love, and power,
 On earth a dying victim bled.

Sweet blessed hope ! we yet shall sing
 Thy goodness there, through endless days ;
There Love shall never droop her wing,
 Nor weary of the work of praise.

THE HEART HEALED.

"Therefore I hated life : because the work that is wrought under
the sun is grievous unto me : for all is vanity and vexation of
spirit."—Eccles. ii. 17.

"Thou hast healed me."—Psalm xxx. 2.

O FANCY one, some lonely wanderer, cast
On a far island in the cheerless main,
Whose heart and memory sicken o'er the past,
Who looks for ever to the deep in vain,

With hopes that cheat him, 'till he loves despair,
Content, because he must, to perish there.

Such was *I* once—and such are all who feel
This earth a desert, and who seek in vain
Some cure (alas ! they know not what) to heal,
E'en for an hour, that fix'd corroding pain,
Which flies from sympathy, and scorns her art,
That deep, deep malady—a broken heart.

Hope fail'd around me—from within—above ;
Affection wither'd, and I wander'd on,
With a sear'd heart, that languish'd still to love
Those cherish'd once—but oh ! its power was gone !
This, this was anguish, such a depth of woe,
As souls who ne'er have loved can never know.

Then with these sorrows too, at times would blend
Some dark forebodings at the thought of sin,
The withering fear that God was not my friend ;
Void of his love, 'twas all a waste within,
Unblest and cheerless, where the serpent's breath
Shed nouht around it but despair and death.

Child of the world ! ah, why that smile of pride ?
The fruitless wish to mask the deep despair
That lurks within?—from me thou canst not hide
The hopes that die, the soul that withers there ;
Through years of suffering I have learn'd to tell
What is a breaking heart—I know it well.

Yes, for my heart was such—'till he who knew
Its tale of grief, the gentle Lamb who died
On Calvary once, with tenderest pity drew
The sting from thence, and all his power
 applied—
All the sweet energy of love divine—
To heal and renovate this heart of mine.

One touch, one blessed touch, and lo ! 'twas
 whole !
The gift of health was in his gracious hand :
“ Live ! live ! ” he cried, and my awak’ning soul
Broke forth in praise—I felt it all expand
With holy sympathies unknown before,
And, though I mourn’d for sin, despair’d no more.

Sweet time of love ! the tide of passing years
Rolls harmless o'er its memory.—Oh ! I cling,
To the dear hour, when hopeless sorrow's tears
First ceased to flow, joy's soft and balmy spring,
When first on me a loving Father smiled,
And, with a look of pity, called me, “ CHILD.”

Alas for thee ! poor hapless child of sin !
Dead to his love, *thy* soul knows nought of this ;
No gentle retrospect of joy within,
No gladd'ning prospect of eternal bliss,
No ray of hope to chase the deep despair
That broods o'er all—for JESUS dwells not there.

O could I hear one sigh of pure desire,
One breath of prayer, one note of rapture swell,
Fresh from thine heart, that, like a broken lyre,
Lies silent now, a seraph's tongue might tell,
How all my soul with holy joy would hail
The welcome sound—but O ! my own would
fail.

He, only He, can tune each silent string
That slumbers there, can bid that heart of thine,
Touch'd by his hand, with notes of gladness ring,
With the sweet melody of love divine—
Come, then, to Him,—his quick'ning mercy prove,
Come, seek him now: come, share with all above
That gem of richest worth, a dying Saviour's love.

THE REFUGE.

" Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

These lines, and also the following poem, entitled "Zion," may be sung to the air of the well known melody, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" which will be found at the end of this volume.

YE desolate children of sorrow !
As fleet as the bloom of May,
Your dreams of a brighter morrow,
Your hopes have they pass'd away ?
The chill breath of time, does it wither
The bough where ye build your nest ?
Ah, come, then, ye mourners, come hither,
I'll tell you of endless rest.

I'll tell you of Him who hath spoken
Sweet peace to my weary heart,
And heal'd it, though wither'd and broken,
With love's all-availing art.
It was He, 'twas the Lord of Glory,
Who died on the cursed tree,
On Calvary, stricken and gory,
A suffering Lamb for me.

Alone on the desolate mountains,
With tangled and sullied fleece,
I wander'd afar from the fountains
Of holiness, life, and peace ;
'Till He o'er the hills, like a shepherd,
In quest of his stray one pass'd,
And saved from the lion and leopard
The life of my soul at last.

Ye who dwell, like a trembling sparrow,
Alone on a leafless bough,
From the point of the archer's arrow
Defenceless, unshelter'd now,

Fly, fly to the Saviour—come hither,
From sorrow, from fear and strife,
To a branch that will never wither—
Come dwell in the tree of life.

ZION.

“Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.”—Is. lxiv. 10.
“For a small moment have I forsaken thee : but with great mercies
will I gather thee.”—Is. liv. 7.

THE Lord hath afflicted his Zion,
The city he loved so well,
Where he deign'd, like a couching lion,
In glory and strength to dwell.
And why hath Jehovah forsaken
The place of his ancient throne ;
His Vine from the wilderness taken,
To flourish for Him alone ?

Ah, deem not the Holy One cruel ;
Had Solyma loved his will,
She had sparkled the costliest jewel,
The beauty of nations still ;

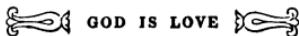
The Lord had been still her defender,
And she, the queen of the earth,
In holiness, freedom, and splendour,
Had gloried in Shiloh's birth.

But She fell—and her crown of glory
Was struck from her rebel brow ;
And with feet all wounded and gory,
She wanders in exile now.
Yet, sad one, distrust not our pity ;
Though some may wring out thy tears,
We will weep for the Holy City,
And sorrow o'er former years.

Thou art stricken, dethroned and lowly,
Bereft of a home on earth,
Yet still to our hearts thou art holy,
Thou land of Messiah's birth !
He sprang from thy chosen of daughters,
His star o'er thy hills arose,
He bathed in thy soft-flowing waters,
And wept o'er thy coming woes.

He wept, who in secret yet lingers,
With yearnings of heart, o'er thee;
He, he, whom thy blood-sprinkled fingers
Once nail'd to the cursed tree.
Dark deed! it was thine to afflict him;
Yet longs his soul for the day
When thou, in the blood of thy victim,
Shalt wash thy deep stains away.

Thou land of the Cross, and the glory
Whose brightness at last will shine
Afar through the earth—what a story
Of darkness and light is thine!
He died as a lamb:—as a lion,
He spares thee, nor can forget
His desolate Exile of Zion;
He waits to be gracious yet.



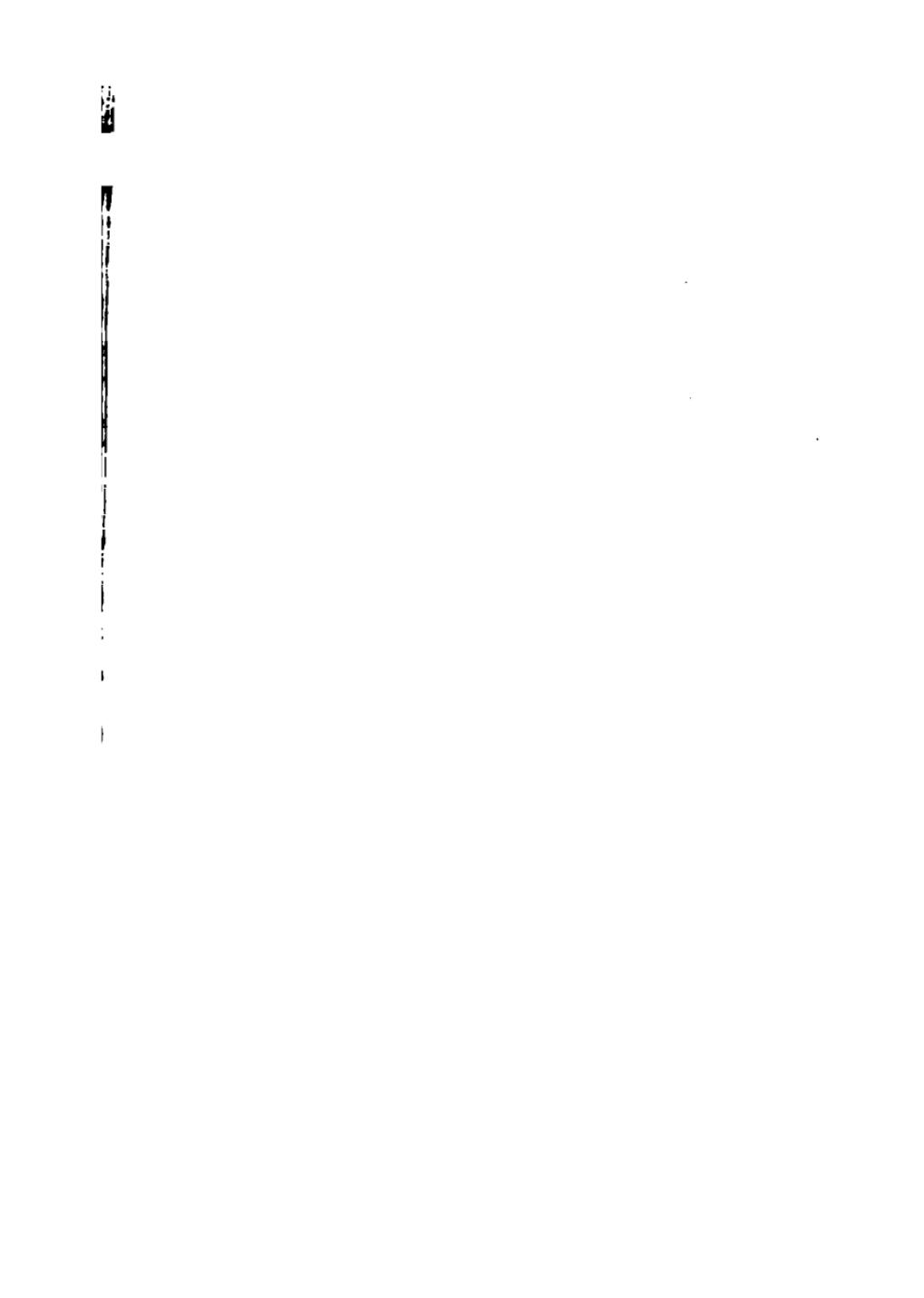
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Z I O N.

AIR "HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?"

Irish Melody.

The Lord hath af-flict ed His Zi - on, The
Ci - ty He lov'd so well, Where He deign'd like a couching
Li - on, In glo - ry and strength to dwell. And
why hath Je - ho - vah for - sak-en, The place of His an - cient
throne, His Vine from the wil - der - ness ta - ken, To
flourish for Him a - lone?



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